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RULES

The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work and, where appropriate, line number or number of chapter, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references **including source**. Incomplete answers and guesses will receive marks on their merits. Extra marks will be given for answers found only by one or two competitors, also for exceptionally good answers, at the Editor's discretion.

2. The Prizes are book tokens of amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac (this year these are £50, £40 and £30). No competitor may can take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year, after three years running.

3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper only, leaving a margin for marks on the right hand side. Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry, accompanied by the coupon above should reach the editor not later than September 1st of the year on the cover. Please mark your envelope "Nemo".

4. If a reasonably sized stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, entries will be returned with an answer sheet.

5. A pseudonym may be used, but prizewinners' names will be published.

6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation.

7. The editor's decision is final in every case.

JANUARY

1

And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

2

One has a way of swaying,
I'd swear to anywhere;
One has a laugh, and one a hat,
And one a trick of hair

3

Dim sight is cozened with a gloss
Of gaudy gown, or humorous hair;
Such gold in melting leave more dross
Than some unpolished pieces share.

4

Silently she's combing,
Combing her long hair,
Silently and graciously,
With many a pretty air.

5

Even now the fragrant darkness of her hair
Had brushed my cheek; and once, in passing by,
Her hand upon my hand lay tranquilly:
What things unspoken trembled in the air!

6

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

FEBRUARY

1
Books on the shelves, and in the cupboard books,
    Worthless and rare—
Books on the mantelpiece—where'er one looks
    Books everywhere!

2
Still we shall think upon thee; all our fame
Meets here to speak one letter of thy name.
Thou canst not die! here thou art more than safe,
Where every book is thy large epitaph.

3
He reads until the chapel clock strikes five,
And suddenly discovers that the book,
Unevenly, gradually, and with difficulty,
Has all along been showing him its mind
(Like no one ever met at a dinner party),
And his attention has become prolonged
To the quiet passion with which he in return
Has given himself completely to the book.

4
Books that may prove, in ev'ry Change of State,
Guides and Assistants to your shifting Fate;
That may to Virtue form your early Soul,
And the first Thought of unripe Guilt controul

5
From books I strive some remedy to take
But thy name all the letters make:
Whate'er 'tis writ I find that there,
Like points and commas everywhere.

6
Write and write!
And read those stupid, worn-out books!
That's all he does,—read, write, and read,
And smoke that nasty pipe which stinks

MARCH

1
The water lapped around the hills
and halfway up the highest one
I saw a fox,
a bit bedraggled, yes,
but you could tell
he'd been to a good school.
The sun shone for him.

2
All day he watches, feeding on greed
till, stars in the April sky, he steals
Shadowy down the valleyside, furtive wades
marsh myrtle and by screen of heather comes
where flocks graze.

3
A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek:
For why, I carried sound and good
A cartload there last week.

4
For a hat he wears a rhubarb leaf
To keep his thinking cool,
Through which his fur-lined ears prick up.
This fox, he is no fool

5
Gracefullest leaper, the dappled fox-cub
Curves over brambles with berries and buds,
Light as a bubble that flies from the tub
Whisked by the laundry-wife out of her suds.

6
Dumb creatures with me are a passion;
I've a special regard for the fox,
And I seek in my fatherly fashion
To spare him excitement and shocks;
The farmer is anxious to fill him
With pellets, as farmers are wont,
And it's really a kindness to kill him,
For he's certain to die if we don't.

APRIL

1
In Tilbury Town did Old King Cole
A wise old age anticipate,
Desiring, with his pipe and bowl,
No Khan's extravagant estate.
No crown annoyed his honest head,
No fiddlers three were called or needed

2
The gentleman that my black hen lays eggs for
Has diamond links joining impeccable cuffs
And a suit and a voice and a smile of exquisite finish,
But has never been known to express a liking for eggs —
Which is all that my black hen can lay for him.

3
See-saw, plenty of straw
Will make us all glorious as Margery Daw.

4
"Polly, put the kettle on,"
Scream they; "scratch poor pretty Polly"
(Kettles hissing at their folly!).
From the wood they spring and scream,
Scald the milk, upset the cream...

5
Sing a song of sixpence
A pocketful of rye,
The lover's in the garden
The battle's in the sky.

6
They have taken Jack to the room at the back where the family medicines are,
And he lies in bed with a broken head in a halo of vinegar;
While, in that Jill had laughed her fill as her brother fell to earth,
She has felt the sting of a walloping — she hath paid the price of her mirth!

MAY

1
C. Busby Smith and F. Pratt Green,
Fullers both and Joneses all,
Donald Davie, Donald Hall,
Muldoon, Middleton, Murphy, Miller,
Tomlinson, Tonks, Turnbull, Tiller,
Barker, Brownjohn, Blackburn, Bell
Kirkup, Kavanagh, Kendrick, Kell

2
The book of life by Chaucer, and this latest de la Mare;
Dame Una's tale of Dickens, and the Dickens Sala drew;
Birrell on wise and foolish things, or Fielding, in the chair;
And, now I see my bird is flown,
I feast on Browning's best alone.

3
Both Peter Levi and John Wain
Can tell a poet from a sheep.
If Yeats and Dylan from their sleep
Could rise, with Auden, to renew
The talk they wanted to repeat,
John Heath-Stubbs, they would come to you.

4
Pope and Keats were nothings,
only two feet high —
all the enormous Sitwells
were towering to the sky.

5
Ought they not rather, in modesty, to doubt of their own judgments, when they think this or that expression in Homer, Virgil, Tasso, or Milton's *Paradise* to be too far strained, than positively conclude that 'tis all fustian, and mere nonsense?

6
Our neighbours from The Gallows, Catherine
And Lascelles Abercrombie; Rupert Brooke;
Eleanor and Robert Frost, living a while
At Little Iddens, who'd brought over with them
Helen and Edward Thomas

JUNE

1
When I think of the little children learning
In all the schools of the world,
Learning in Danish, learning in Japanese
That two and two are four, and where the rivers of the world
Rise, and the names of the mountains and the principal cities,
My heart breaks.

2
How nowadays comes home from school my son?
Through duct and tunnel by a puff of steam,
Shot like a pellet from his own pop-gun.

3
She heard of a cheap boarding-school where travelling actors dumped their children as one dumps luggage in a railway cloakroom, and where the children simply vegetated, doing absolutely nothing, reaching the age of sixteen without learning to read; and another school where the days passed in a perpetual riot

4
(Back at school, the square tall piles
Of bread, featureless jam in basins,
Grace, a shuffle of chairs, the separate table
For the visiting lacrosse team.)

5
The school was a big grammar school for boys, in the centre of the town. The building was Victorian, dark, ugly, ill-planned, dirty and smelly. Instead of going to morning prayers I went down to the laboratory. My task in the school was to teach physics, and for the whole of the morning I was due to take the senior sixth form in practical work..

6
And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still,
Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark,
As here and there a twinkling star descried
Serves but to show how black is all beside.

JULY

1

Strawberries resume a sub-plot
of revolt, a peasant rising:
the ringleaders' heads arranged in punnets,
sunburnt, pitted, unshaven.

2

There from the tree
Wee'l cherries plucke, and pick the strawbery,
And every day
Go see the wholesome Country Girles make hay.

3

I hear
heels clack along the path: my mother
back from a hundred shopping trips
with some treat tucked in her basket:
and where I see my father, the day
he ran to buy me strawberries
and found it was a rag-and-bone man.

4

His food was the wild fig and the strawberry;
The milky pine-nuts which the autumn-blast
Shakes into the tall grass

5

Mrs. E——, in all her apparatus of happiness, her large bonnet and her basket, was very ready to lead the way in gathering, accepting, or talking — strawberries, and only strawberries, could now be thought or spoken of.

6

What is real piety? What is true attachment to the Church? How are these fine feelings best evinced? The answer is plain: by sending strawberries to a clergyman.

AUGUST

1

But as the aircraft took off and turned to climb, we began to look more closely, for it was clear that the machines were being flown either very skilfully or very recklessly. The ailerons of the two planes were almost interlocked as they climbed together to a great height. Then they separated, turned, and proceeded to give a display of aerobatics which held us spellbound, for we could hardly believe in the reality of what we saw.

2

The B-52s
panting in tandem, not quite new-fangled
coursers of the Sun, howl up from grasslands
that were terra incognita once

3

We from our aeroplane gaze, high
In air from where white clouds roll, stare
For a moment lost in wonder, by
The white city amazed; dare
We join the chorus that laughs up?

4

For their plane was a laugh.
A patch, brittle as matchstick, a bubble, a lift for a ghost:
Bolts always working loose of propeller, cylinder, bearer;
Instruments faulty; filter, magneto, each strut unsound.

5

The plane meets
Its reflection on the wet
Runway, then crosses
To where I wait
Behind plate glass.

6

An image of an aeroplane
the propeller is rashers of bacon
the wings are of reinforced lard
the tail is made of paper-clips
the pilot is a wasp

SEPTEMBER

1
Yet fruit grows on the trees;
Here scholars pause to speak;
Through gardens bare and Greek
I hear my neighbour's bees.

2
The headlong humble-bee alone
Assaults the old and crumbling wall;
His busy bugle faintly blown,
With many a silent interval;
Unchecked he tries each nook along
The moss-grown wall

3
—So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and shiver
And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall
White branches, a humming of bees.

4
No scents may pause within the garden-fold;
  The rifled flowers are cold as ocean-shells;
Bees, humming in the storm, carry their cold
  Wild honey to cold cells.

5
My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.

6
Into the hive the clustered thousands stream,
Mounting the little slatted sloping step,
A ready colony, queen, workers, drones,
Patient to build again the waxen thrones
For younger queens, and all the chambered cells
For lesser brood

OCTOBER

1
Well—on the green-lidded box, her name was painted in yellow;
Dorothy Crump were the words. Crump? what a horrible name!
Yes, but they gave it to her, because (like the box) 'twas her mother's

2
All their lives in a box! What generations,
What centuries of masters, not meaning to be cruel
But needing their labour, taught these creatures such patience

3
Just like as in a *Nest* of *Boxes* round,
Degrees of Sizes in each Box are found:
So, in this *World,* may many others be
Thinner and less, and less still by degree

4
A bird inside a box, a box will
sing. You put it in a window
for the sun—at first the song
hides, then it calls to everyone.

5
Ann in chill moonlight unlocks
Her polished brassbound treasure-box,
Draws a soft breath, prepares to spread
The toys around her on the bed.

6
The box he held seemed lighter than itself:
A space for air, a fence of brittle slats.
Its rooms were cubicles of dusty satin
Couched on by nothings, and the painted lid
A shade for shades.

NOVEMBER

1
She held the strings of her children's Punch and Judy and when a mouth
opened
It was her truth that the dolls would have spoken
If they hadn't been made of wood and tin

2
Hooked nose and hump, the Black Man, the police,
the hangman's shadow by the prison wall,
the wandering misery in the courts of peace:
the mad voice like a wire will draw them all—
the puppets and the puppet-masters.

3
I was much affected by the internal troubles of the Punch family: I thought that with a little more tact on the part of Mrs. Punch and some restraint held over a temper, naturally violent, by Mr. Punch, a great deal of this sad misunderstanding might have been prevented.
The momentous close, when a figure of shapeless horror appears on the stage, and quells th hitherto undaunted Mr. Punch, was to me the bouquet of the entire performance.

4
A puppet screams. He is controlled by wires —
He fights desperately against his enemies:
The Moor, policeman, ghost, Jack Ketch and the crocodile.
Is he Petrouchka or Mr. Punch?

5
Look at these snapshots; here you see yourself
Spilling a paint-pot on a virgin wall
Or boisterous in a sailing-boat or bubbling
At a Punch-and-Judy show

6
She went slowly down to the tent. To her amazement a burst of loud laugher and clapping greeted her. She peeped in at the open flap. Still more to her amazement a Punch and Judy stage was set upon the platform, and Punch and Judy performance was in full and merry swing.
"I'm dreaming," she said. "Where's Zebra? Where did this thing come from? I *must* be dreaming."

DECEMBER

1
There are passed one after the other;
  Christmases fifty-three,
Since I sat here with my mother
  And heard the great decree:
How they went up to Jerusalem
  Out of Galilee.

2
Christmas had come; the season of kindness and hospitality; the season when the streams of benevolence flow full in their channels; the season when the Honourable Miss Hyems indulges herself with ice, while the vulgar Jack Frost regales himself with cold-without. Christmas had come, and had brought with it an old-fashioned winter; and, as Mr. V—— G—— stands with his hands in his pockets, and gazes from the drawing-room of his paternal mansion, he looks forth upon a white world.

3
Christmas day is come; let's all prepare for mirth,
Which fills the heavens and Earth at this amazing birth.

4
The candid freezing season again:
Candle and cracker, needles of fir and frost;
Carols that through the night air pass, piercing
The glassy husk of heart and heaven;
Children's faces white in the pane, bright in the tree-light.

5
                Today,
  A shed that's thatched
      (Yet straws can sing)
  Holds God; God matched
      With beasts; beasts bring
Their song their way; for shame then raise

6
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

ANSWERS TO NEMO 2011

JANUARY
1 Middleton: The Changeling I ii
2 Drummond: An Hymn of the Fairest
3 Priestley: I Have Been Here Before Act II
4 C. H. Sisson: Fifteen Sonnets I
5 Monro: The Clock
6 Thomas Watson: Time

FEBRUARY
1. Edna St. Vincent Millay: To the Not Impossible Him
2. William Shepherd: Ode on Lord Macartney's Embassy to China stanza 1
3. Louis Simpson: To the Western World stanza 1
4. Byron: Don Juan Canto XII stanza IX
5. Tennyson: Locksley Hall (6 from end)
6. C. S. Lewis: On a Vulgar Error stanza 3

MARCH
1. Vaughan: The Check stanza 3
2. Thomas Flatman: Death
3. Ralph Hodgson: Quarter-Day
4. George Macbeth: The Shell last stanza
5. Hopkins: I Am Like a Slip of Comet
6. Robert Graves: Big Words

APRIL
1. Thomas Cary: On His Mistress Crossing the Sea.
2. Blake: Mad Song .
3. Lord Herbert of Cherbury: An Ode upon a Question stanza 3
4. Habington: Melancholy
5. Swinburne: Chorus 'Before the beginning of years' Atalanta in Calydon
6. AE: Sacrifice

MAY
1. Poe: The Spectacles
2. Jane Austen: Emma, chap. 27
3. Southey: The Ruin'd Cottage section 3
4. Donne: Of The Progresse of the Soule, The Second Anniversarie 293-6
5. Beerbohm: Zuleika Dobson chap. 5
6. Cowper: Report of an Adjudged Case

JUNE
1. Gay: To a Young Lady with Some Lampreys
2. John Buchan: Huntingtower Chap. X
3. Herrick: The Vision to Electra
4. Carew: To the Painter
5. Dickens: Our Mutual Friend Bk. 1 Chap. XI
6. Sterne: A Sentimental Journey, The Temptation, Paris.

UNE
. Gay: To a Young Lady with Some Lampreys
. John Buchan: Huntingtower Chap. X
. Herrick: The Vision to Electra
. Carew: To the Painter
. Dickens: Our Mutual Friend Bk. 1 Chap. XI
. Sterne: A Sentimental Journey, The Temptation, Paris.

ULY
. John Wyndham: The Day of the Triffids
. Gillian Clarke: Sunday
. Victor Purcell (Myra Buttle): Sweeney In Articulo
. Anna Wickham: The Fresh Start
. Jon Stallworthy: No Ordinary Sunday
. T. S. Eliot: Spleen

UGUST
. R.S. Thomas: Relay
. Eavan Boland: The Pilgrim
. Christopher Reid: Flowers in Wrong Weather
. Thomas Hood: Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg
. U.A. Fanthorpe: Atlas
. Maurice Baring: Dead Letters. King Lear's Daughter

EPTEMBER
. Norman Nicholson: Belshazzar
. Edward Lucie-Smith: A Game of French and English, 6. The King of Bohemia
. James Clarence Mangan: A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century
. Charles Churchill: Night, An Epistle to Robert Lloyd.
. Shakespeare: Henry V IV i
. Tony Harrison: The Nuptial Torches

CTOBER
. Gray: Letter to Wharton, March 12th 1740
. Anthony Thwaite: Sick Child
. Pepys: Diary Feb. 27th 1668
. Wendy Cope: God and the Jolly Bored Bog Mouse
. D. J. Enright: Doctor Doctor
. Elma Mitchell: Thoughts after Ruskin

NOVEMBER
1. Aldous Huxley: Point Counter-Point Chap. 3
2. Marianne Moore: Dream
3. Roy Fuller: Dynasties
4. Lamb: Free Thoughts on Several Eminent Composers
5. Douglas Dunn: The Musician
6. Penelope Lively: Perfect Happiness, Chap. 1

DECEMBER
1. Thomas Bastard: De Puero Balbutiente
2. George Szirtes: English Words
3. Wyndham Lewis: The Song of the Militant Romance VI
4. George Barker: The Ikons of the Dead IX
5. Milton: At A Vacation Exercise in The College
6. W.H. Auden: Their Lonely Betters

COVER: Prior: A Case Stated

MARKS AND PRIZES

First Prize

730	Pamela Thompson
730	G. Ingli James
730	Caroline Heal
730	Brian Jordan
730	Elspeth Christie, Clive and Gus Unger Hamilton
730	Angela Carpenter and Alison Tomkins

Second Prize

720	Judith Neal and Adam Pothecary
720	John Taylor
720	Gli Amici
720	Barbara Britton

Third Prize

715	Ian Patterson

710	The Stevens-Yarwood team
710	Steven Osborn
710	Ben Vizoskie
705	Alice Sheehan-Hunt
700	Joan and Jo Lampen
690	Tricia Irish
675	Richard Gaston
670	S. J. Bird
670	Henry Villiers
660	June Walker
660	Alan Langley
650	Patricia Hodgart
650	Mary Milne Day
650	Alan Hollinghurst
640	W.A.Kyle
640	Jenny Naish
630	Michael and Carolyn Greet
620	Tom Durham
620	Janet Woodhead
620	Dave Dolan Junior
615	Claire Drinkwater and Terry Barringer
605	The Buckley-Harvey duo
605	Rosemary Johnson

600	Mrs. F. J. Hughes
582	Mary Wylie and George Capel
570	Gabriel Baugniet (mark excludes August)
555	Mrs. P. J. Pearce
550	Sabina and Chloe Sutherland
535	Valerie Marshall-George
530	The Mossfield Gang
530	Ian Adam
490	M. H. Thouless
485	M. Webb-Ingall
470	Kenneth Thornton
430	Alison Hall
400	Pat and Peter Green
398	Gerard Benson
325	Gillian Rigby
95	Mary Smith

REMARKS

As I write this, I have no idea how, when or by whom it is to be printed, since Birch Printers, who have been doing the job beautifully for years, have, I am sorry to say, succumbed to the recession and the cuts and ceased trading. I need to find another printer who is not more expensive and can do the job swiftly. If you are reading this, of course, I have been successful. I'm not sure why I bothered to say all that; perhaps to excuse what may be a very late mailing, for which I apologise; certainly to place a well-earned laurel wreath on Birch Printers to whom I am immensely grateful for a job well done.

There was only one contentious issue this year: Carey or Carew? And has Nemo repeated himself??? As a non-scholar I can only believe my books which tell me that the two are different and that the Carey was not written by Carew. A much more detailed and scholarly investigation was made by Gabriel Baugniet for which she receives extra marks, but the question is still perhaps doubtful and, not being a hard-hearted man, I have given marks for either. The two mistranscriptions which amused me most were the author John Guy and the collection Flowers of Sin. But again…

Each year the number of Nemo entries reduces. The postman is the only one smiling. The cascade has become not exactly a mere trickle, but there are at least forty or fifty fewer entries than five years ago. The glory has departed. Why? The internet, of course. So many are short-cutting the process of reading, noting punctuation and spelling, guessing, picking up other clues and opening themselves to serendipity and unlooked for pleasures, by simply bunging a quotation into the computer and then writing down the source. This is no fun. No fun for you, no fun for me and certainly no fun for those who sit by the fire, pile up books, argue, read, argue some more, read some more and, however slowly, accrue a very creditable score. Among these are some who have no computer, and some fine writers and poets who do the thing properly and are, as I am, getting a bit miffed. They are being made to look inept by those who are actually much less ept and simply want to win. These stalwarts aren't bothering to enter anymore and have made their feelings clear and I can't blame them.

I've beefed on about this before, I know, but it's getting far beyond a joke now and threatens the whole point of the almanac. It won't do. For a start it means that all quotations from Tennyson, Wordsworth, Milton, Shakespeare, Herbert, Vaughan, Keats, Rossetti, Henley, Shakespeare, Hopkins, Bridges, Addison, Arnold, Heaney, Eliot and half a million others, must be excluded from Nemo because they will be found immediately at the click of a mouse. I would then be reduced to quoting very obscure prose, and poetry so new it hasn't yet reached the web. I don't mind that, but I think you would and I don't want to do it. Another thing; the number of entries gaining full marks these days (even from those whose previous scores have been in the two or three hundreds) is getting, frankly, rather silly and before long I shall be giving out prizes of 50p to dozens of people who have won first prize, very few of whom deserve it.

There is, unfortunately, no method whereby I can be absolutely sure that the quotation has been discovered by reading and by brilliant guesswork rather than by employing the internet. Ruth Aspinall has asked people to be honest and identify their internet-found *Hide and Seek* answers and accept a lower mark. I hope it works for her; I think, though, that the mentality which seeks to win will not bother to do this. Now, there are plenty of times when I can see that the mistaken answer is a result of electronic activity. Where I can do this, I shall cancel the mark for the *whole of that month*, however accurate the other answers may be. Sixty marks down the drain. I shall also be *much* more of a stickler for the rules than I have been. Read them again and see what is required. Absolute accuracy. If it is any consolation (and it probably isn't) I *think* the almanac is a little easier this year.

I have, of course, no objection to anyone using the internet as a kind of library. For instance, thinking that a certain passage is possibly from 'Orlando' and then looking up 'Orlando' on the computer and reading it. That just saves a trip down the road only to find that the library has been closed and sold off to Tesco. So I am going to ask entrants to add one more thing to their stanza number, Act and Scene, etc. I want you, as part of your entry, to **write down the book in which you found the answer**. Not in the case of a novel: there is no point because that *is* the answer, but for plays and poetry it is going to be essential if you don't want to lose marks. I'm truly sorry to have to do this and give you a touch more work. Some actually do this already so it isn't a huge burden. If anyone has a better idea I should be delighted to hear it and act upon it, but you must realise that seventy-three clicks in a couple of days hardly constitutes literary endeavour.

You have been warned.

Notices

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'A Hair in the Book,' said Holmes. 'Do you see, Watson?'

'Indeed,' I rejoined, 'and a certain amount of Foxing. Which means…'

'Which means,' Holmes replied with a sharp glance through half-closed eyes as he sucked on his pipe, played a barcarolle on his violin and jabbed a hypodermic into his arm, 'that we must search further. What did you learn at School, old friend?'

'Secondary School?'

'Elementary, my dear Watson.'

'Nursery Rhymes,' I said. 'And afterwards we studied some of the Poets.'

'And at Christmas, I suppose, you watched Punch and Judy?'

'Holmes,' I put in, 'you baffle me. And I can scarcely hear you for the sound of the Aircraft.'

'Not Aircraft,' he replied,' Bees. Now take that Box…'

'And fill it with Strawberries,' I said. He nodded.

'Now you are thinking!' he said. 'As you must if we are to discover who is responsible for this.'

'Nobody,' I offered gloomily.

'Indeed nobody, or Nemo as we sometimes call him.'

I gasped. 'Then…then…we must get in touch…

'With **Nigel Forde, the Gatehouse Burnby Lane Pocklington East Yorks, YO42 1UL and for three pounds or ten pounds for four copies,** we shall lay this Nemo by the heels.'